

KRS-One Lyrics

"I M A M C R U 1 2"

I M A MC, R U 1 2?

You spell it out as each letter I said to you

I M A MC, R U 1 2?

That's the title of the project that I'm sending to you

It's a message to MCs that whatever you do

Keep your skills tight, the future is depending on you

Never spit for only money or what they're handing to you

Spit for the people, try to predict what your man going to do

Get hungry on them, look at rappers with a cannibal view

I roll with an animal crew and we battled a few

But these days I'm spiting in a party after it's through

Cypher style, keeping it in with a spectacular view

You ain't attacking a crew, in fact we're clapping at you

I wish they would, so I could snap these rappers in two

I be rapping from the sound of the Kalamazoo

Smacking rappers around like the tennis racquets they do

I be spitting what's legitimate, factual, actual and true

Put the mic down for another sound, I am not going to do

I was there in the beginning, I'll be there when it's through

I M A MC, R U 1 2?

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If you got a chance to spit it, what you gonna do?

I'm too hot to handle, too hot for fans too

When I spit my MC light, they say "we cram to understand you"

I stay hot like the Sudan do

Open your mind, I plan to

With real knowledge, nothing you can't do

Knowledge Reigns Supreme on these fakers I trample

Show up at the spot while they mumble and ramble

Pull out the wax, burn these rappers down like a candle

Watching them scramble, this is just a little example

The street teacher type, at the peak of height, the leader type

The street preacher type, culture keeper, divine speaker type

Truth seeker type, deeper type, seeking freedom type

The eager type, KRS-One, that's what he is like

Making sure the family eating right while we're seeking light

Real skill when I squeeze the mic you're gonna see tonight

146 and Broadway, that's the throwback

Broadway RT 86, that's where the show's at

Jump on the mic with no skill? You get your nose cracked

Me? I was drilling them, killing them, man, you know that

All Across 110 Street, Bobby Womack

Youngins saying "That's the OG, that's the ol' cat"

That's the teacher speaking that new rap and old rap

I'm giving you your heritage back, youngin, hold that

Uh huh

Uh huh

I M A MC, R U 1 2?

I like the sound of it

Only a few heads ever come around and shit

No getting around this shit, I'm pounding it

When I Ad Rock, I get so Beastie Boy I start growling spit

You drowning in it, my flow is like the OG Kush

You loving every ounce that you get

I made it out of the pit, no glam and no glit

This may be Run's House, but I'm the handyman pulling hammers real quick

You can't touch this, with a hand or a grip

Rappers avoiding the smoke like a cigarette after it's lit

I spit the tactical, mathematical, actual shit

After I spit, it's a grip I'm about to go get

Got skills? You a rapper? This the question for you

I M A MC, R U 1 2?

Turn to your friends, if they spit it, ask them too

I M A MC, R U 1 2?